## Tales and Sketches. Dorset's Turning Point.

THE day was cold and gray with driving mist and rain. The prairie, that in summer glowed with thre lilies, and scarlet pointed cups, and in autumn was golden with aunilowers, was now a sodden waste, from which Dorset, never very attractive, rose like a collection of weather beaten fungi. When the sun shone, John Badger's wagon factory, and busy, big red wind-wheel gave the place a superficial look of respectability and industry. But this dreary day it was easy to believe that Domet well deserved the evil name given it by the presiding elder, cital A sink of iniquity," for the only son, who had more than once felt the weight of a drunkard's hand, had complex reasons for thankfulness when he stepped into Mrs. Badger's warm sitting

"'A green Cris'mus, an' a full graveyard,'" croaked Grandsire Badger from his easy chair by the fire. "Par trees blowin in the fall, means death'll some of us call. An' there was red lights in the sky, red as blood, for a comin', an' nobody knows who'll be called. Fo' fun'als las' week! That'll be a true sayin', 'A green Cris'mus makes a full gravoyard. Yes, indeed!"

Steinmeyer's, an' the fourth was old Si and doughnuts.

the more noticeable from the cloud of swish of the storm.

"Sure sign o' death f' piped the old man rousing up. "Whose dorg be it. an' where be he pintin' at i'

Mrs. Badger pened the door, and leaned far out of it to eatch aight of the brute. "It's Steinmeyer's Newfoundland pup," she amounced after a moment, "and he's howling down Pine

"It aire a black pup, I'll be bound," croaked the old man with great interest. "A black dorg never howls for nothin"."

"Th' ain't nobody but mother an' me an father on Pine street," said Tommy rising. strike out.

mother the washing's beautiful this

" Nobody'd cry 'f' 'twere Steinmeyer Badger in his queer, dispassionate voice. "A drunkard-maker aire a pestilence, an' a drunkard aire a castaway, an sure to come to a bade end.'

"I hope my father'll turn over a new load," said Tommy, swallowing a sob. "He might be good's anybody," sob. "He might be good's anybody," he called the most beautiful child in bo assured of her safety. "Went and then, lest the tears should run Dorset. She was generous and sweet 'thout no chance fer nothin'," said Peter down his cheeks, he unceremoniously down his cheeks, he unceremoniously tempered, but she was also sensitive Bunker with expressive ambiguity, bounced into the street, and rearred and shy, and Gran'ma'am Walker's when explaining to his wife that there. II. & C. BLACHFORD'S for home at a brisk run.

weariness, and was aged by trouble jacket, no child visited Louisa but cried the presiding elder when he had and overwork; but when it lit up with Tommy. Six months had slipped away concluded the sermon, which all who it was pathetically pretty. Her gown bed of pain, and on that dreary Dewas old and faded, nevertheless the cember night she was there still pale did begin in Dorset. When a year had that Tommy thought his poor home

"Did you see pa 'round Steinmorning that tis Steinmeyer's birthday, and 'twill be free drinks all day."

grief, he sobted aloud. "Steinmeyer isn't all to blame," said the mother quietly. She had meyer shrilly, his English quite forgot-thought out many problems as she ten "Wo is't Louisa?" ironed. "We folks are to blame to "Plumb drunk," explained one volkeeper, and you father could stay if they didn't th'aint no use talkin' now. could. I don't in-seve what young and went like a squirrel up one of the "God moves in a mysterious way," ISAAC MOORE,

Dr. Plum mays about drunkerds not ladders still standing against the Pine piped Grandsire Badger, reflectively, in 628 Queen St. W., Crocker's New Bio.

tinued to prophesy that calamity ind dow when, with a loud explosion, the it might not be the Dr. A -- whom pended over somebody, and unusual building collapsed into a blazing ruin. The knew, said, "Yes, one of them '- sounds floating from Cobweb Hall in When Tommy came to himself he as if he were a Mormon, - Hosper's latter, an uncommon occurrence, for strangely pale and trembling. Some-he was far too wise and observing a thing terrible oppressed him; it was spider not to know the power of his hard to breathe, and he vaguely wonsigns of life in it were about places Jack Waters had said, and all comers could feel nothing. His father's voice, marked "saloon." These signs were had been treated to what he called "a harsh and broken, made matters cleater. very frequent, and little Tommy Jack-nipper." and acceptable in the castellar and acceptable in the castellar. own web. But it was his birthday, as dered what he was lying on, since he nipper," and everybody in the estable "To think my boy is goin' ter die lishment down to Bridget Flynn, the for savin' a useless cripple! Don't new dish-washer, had taken a glass of talk to me about Steinmeyer. something, and felt accordingly.

The gloomy day soon ended in a still more gloomy night. The gas lights yard," piped a querulous voice not far flared feebly, and the houses were away. "This am a pow'ful year, wi' dark, for the weather prompted one to signs in th' sky, an' fowks kin prepare Merchant Tailors and Drapers. draw curtains closely. But Stein-fer th' Jedgmint Day.'
meyer's windows let the light of two "Ma," said Tommy handsome chandeliers far into the collection of the night, and recognizing darkness, while two high-priced mad the fact that he was in Mrs Badger's sign to the unbelievin'. Changes be a hogany screens protected the bar and best bedroom, "be I a goin' ter die?" its frequenters from the scrutiny of the prejudiced public. The son of a German vagrant, who had died while He remembered with startling distinct-crossing the Atlantic, Steinmoyer was ness that he had taken a stem of fat ers of freshly-ironed clothes. "Two of which was Cobweb Hall. He knew black fib, that he might not say before th' men died of drinkin' an fightin' at that. Mr. Badger, the owner of the loverybody that his tardiness had been that Mr. Badger, the owner of the everybody that his tardiness had been wagon factory, and some others, Bates. Taint weather that fetches frowned on his business; but he could the tremens, gran'pa. Wait a minute," not understand their objections. He "I want Louisa. she added, turning to Tommy; "I had his license. He sold liquous of a Kind old De ( had his license. He sold liquors of a want to send your mother some coffee fair quality, and rarely allowed a man into the room in his arms, for she, too, to get what he called "dancin' drunk," As she bustled about, Tommy's at his place, but turned them out to Radger's home. brown eyes travelled around the cozy stagger to Bunker's Groggery farther room, to avoid Grandsire Badger's down the street. It smazed him when ing his bandaged right hand in hers, shrunken figure and pallid face, in he heard Cobweb Hall spoken of as a and weeping over it in her self-restrain-which shone two lustrous black eyes "Hole," and a "gin mill." Nothing ed fashion, "I will love you as long as under shaggy black brows, which were in his education of cutts and curses had I live. taught him the reason of such reprobawhite hair hanging about his cheeks. tion, and he would sullenly retreat to body but pa," said Tominy, fixing his All at once the mournful howling of a his bar on such occasions, muttering brown eyes gravely upon her wistful dog rose clearly above the dash and that "Pizness is pizness," and console face, "an' I want you—to get your himself by reflecting upon his prosperity and his good name in the trade. He more -rum. Don't seem like I could intended, too, that his daughter Louisa should be a lady—an American lady was the result of money he believed. Louisa would have a considerable fortune wealth, it seemed in the eyes of the man who had begun life with nothing, in a strange land. Louisa lived with story of the block containing Colweb yes, pa-'ll come. Hall. These family rooms faced Pine! street, and were over the quiet store brown eyes, the tender mouth, the soft room containing long rows of barrels, cheeks. Tominy was gone to that for Steinmeyer was a wholesale as well lovely land where there is neither sin "I reckon I'd better as retail dealer. His marriage was, nor pain nor tears. on his part, at least, a love match. The On New Year's Day the presiding "Don't fret," said Mrs. Badger, daughter of poor whites from "No th elder attended a strange funeral at Dor alipping another doughnut into the Cliny," his wife faded away after set. The big meeting-house which he paper bag she held. "All signs fall fifteen months, leaving him the membrand bad never seen half full before, was in a wet time. Steinmeyer's block ory of her loveliness, a little daughter, crowded. Before the communion table Custom Work to Order. faces Pine street, too. Tell your and her again nother and her aged mother.

adorer, when they met at the dame's son. On the communion table lay a or your pap," continued Grandsire school. The other children, the girls folded paper on which was written the 673; Yonge Street, Toronto. clothes. Louisa told him she loved him, total abstinence, A tiny, graceful sprite, her complexion His own rum and the agony of fear was ruch a dazzling combination of pink he had suffered for his cherished daugh and white, and her hair was so like ter had paralyzed Jacob Steinmeyer. spun gold, no one disputed her right to Ho never rallied even long enough to He found his mother as he had left pression to most children; so, when her "wet goods." her, bending over the ironing table, back was hurt, and a great doctor came Her face was flushed with heat and and encased her in a plaster-of-Paris deemer, let Thy holy will be done a smile, as it always did for Tommy, since she had first lain down upon her heard it remembered till they died.

lacked nothing but the sobriety of his the clothes. It was midnight, and the moved into cheap quarters in the back one candle was almost spent, but they streets, and a brisk demand for lumber, were waiting with foreboding and trem | nails and paint had sprung up. Where meyers," said the mother anxiously, bling for "father," when something fell Cobweb Hall had stood a substantial "I heard old Jake Waters say this heavily against the door, and his voice cried feebly, "Fire! fire! Why the devil don't somebody holler fire! Old "No, I didn't see anybody; I run Steinmeyer's all a burnin' up!" The lickity split," said Tommy bitterly, street was as light as day. There was "I hate Steinmeyer! I sh'd think no doubt about it, Steinmeyer's misery everybody'd hate him. He spoiled factory was burning gloriously. But other folkses Christmas 'sides ourn," when Tommy drew near, a sound rose and quite overcome with shame and above the hiss and roar of the flames that chilled his joy.

"Louisa! Louisa" shrieked Stein-

let him keep such a --- a misery fac- unteer fireman to another. "The boys tory. And he ten't the only saloon got everybody out, I reckon. Anyway, have prospered. More depends on the

away from the place, and the rest Tommy wriggled through the crowd he carns."

rich, amort folks are. They ought to prepared for his old playmate, and was glancing keenly at the self-absorbed old drive Steinmoyer and the rest out of to have been one of her Christmas sur town as they would so many tigers."

"I hate Steinmeyer the most," said time. Ma'am Walker had shown him Tonnny grinding his teeth. "He's the pretty nest. He felt sure Louisa attended her the pretty nest. He felt sure Louisa to himself. The TEMPERANCE REFORMA TION SOCIETY

"I hate Steinmeyer the most," said time. Ma'am Walker had shown him Signal.

"I hate biggest worstest alone at the Temperance Hell, T Tommy grinding his teeth. "He's the pretty nest. He felt sure Louisa got the biggest, worstest place, an' must now be in it. How he reached spoils father; Cobweb Hall's a good the room, and dragged Louisa to the known elergyman, went up to the pulling the room and others. Good singing by name for it. Anybody can see what window in the middle of cooks. spoils father; Cobweb Hall's a good the room, and dragged Louisa to the known clergyman, went up to the pullific choir.

Anybody can see what window in the midst of smoke no grown pit, after a sermon by a strange min july, after a sermon by a strange min july,

diented that its proprietor was either was conscious first that it was morning, Magazine. absent or tipsy. This time he was the and then that he saw his mother

happens to him don't matter.

"A green Chris'mus an' a full grave-

"Ma," said Tommy with sudden re-

She could only bow her head, and a great wave seemed to sweep over him. caused by the drunkenness of his father.

"Ma," howhispered after a moment, Kind old Dr. Clark brought the child

had found refuge in tender-hearted Mrs.

"I love you, Tommy," she said, tak-

"I've got-to leave-na with nofather -to promise not to sell him-any -leave ma -with nobody but pa."

Shaine, to which he had long been a stranger, flushed the father's cheeks. "I'll take the pledge," he sobbed, "I take it this minute before God.

A smile parted Tommy's lips. "Ma," in a strange land. Louisa lived with he sighed, "p'rps Heaven ain't so her deaf grandmother in the second very—fur off Anyways- you'n pa-

An unspeakable change fell upon the

were two coffins--one large, in which A year older than Tommy Jackson, lay Jacob Steinmeyer; one small, in Louisa had speedily made him her which, smiling still, lay Tommy Jackespecially, made fun of his patched names of five hundred men pledged to

withered face took on a forbidding explafter his grocery would not contain

"Lord Jesus our Saviour and Re-Tommy was helping his mother mend passed the saloons that remained had brick block was going up to which there was to be a National Bank, a Savings Bank and a real estate office.

"Dorset's took a turn," said John Badger with satisfaction. "Never's ben nigh so prosperin'.'

"Yes," said the presiding older, whom he had invited to Sunday dinner, "starting up the kitchen fire with coal oil may have heneficent results for somebody. I spose that's the way Steinmeyer's place caught."

Mr. Hadger nodded, "Cook was half drunk," he said, " But my since that hole went you've no idea how my men way a man spends, than on the amount

bein 'spoumble. But if they sin't, the street windows. A new room had been this corner, and the presiding elder

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